

Common "Food For Funk"

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What yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, check it yo
You say a one for the trouble two for the time
Come on y'all let's rock that uh
(I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk)
(I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk)
Check it

I come to grips with mics
I come to grips that a lot of mic users is dikes
I come to grips with the likes of Fred Hampton
Cold so I'm lampin' with no need for spotlight

When I got light like an intersection, you talk
But you came to my town with protection
Election year, had the block hot
I scream, "Fuck the world", for having a baby girl sorta
cock block

I write rhymes like I come from the windy city
With my crew, I click like simply, stand midi with reality
Casually, I walk through these war games
Some claim say but then they take on whore names
If that's the way your sex drives, stay in your lane
If you're a man, I can't tell like if the door rang now

Now, to the ladies in the house when you come in the
place
It ain't a bunch of niggaz all up in your face
The music is thumpin' and you're feelin' the bass
What you wanna do girl
(Wanna shout)

To the brothas when you come in a jam, it ain't a bunch
of niggaz
It ain't high tech and ain't got free liquor
You jackin' his name and stick to make you jones get
thicker
What you wanna do man? Yo, check it
(Let go)

Some niggaz be on the mic, sounding like dikes

Allow me to get on and bust like Spike
(Uh)
Lee, I'm in the majors with no rotation
Through stations of bullshit, I see through like a pager

In the age of Aquarius, various things
Is gonna carry us in intellect and what have you
Street astrologist's interpret point stars and half moons
Then end up on garages or walls in bathrooms

Every black moon, a rap tune move me
The rap sun, I rain more than Rudy, that unruly shit is
played
It don't stop, it's time to get it, get it made
I got my mind made up like Foxy Brown's face

I know how the underground tastes
I want a crib from the ground up, rooms spin at a round
pace
Get down based on true story, through Corey
Came close to the teachers

Colder as the Iceman, posted before it start wrinklin'
Linkin' with cats, who don't react to change in the years
Fulfill prophesies in rooms full of emptiness, now

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I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk
I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk
Yo, check it, check it

I came through the corridor, with the aura
Raw Chicago Mora, scope the horror
Read between the lines and know the border
Some pop wines for juice, I wait in the water

Waitin' for you Big Willie niggaz to have a show at the
crib
We gonna get with your glamor, long as we know
where it is
Tell you ain't a player by your sweater doused with
wack feather
The Crib got the gangsta playa shit patent like black
leather

I rap better than you, you or maybe him
But I am like a tree and every lyric is a timb
Spilled brews and greasy foods got my car smelly
Some be so high, they believe they fly like R. Kelly
But then they fall off, dusted niggaz is gettin' sawed
off
They fall soft, my mental lift is for me to haul off, I kick
ass

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I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk
I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk

Makes me wanna shout, wanna shout
Makes me wanna shout, wanna shout
Makes me wanna shout, wanna shout
Makes me wanna shout, wanna shout
Wanna shout

